

These hands shall never draw'em out like lightning  
To blast whole Armies more.

*Arcite.* No *Palamon*,

Those hopes are Prisoners with us, here we are  
And here the graces of our youthes must wither  
Like a too-timely Spring; here age must finde us,  
And which is heaviest (*Palamon*) unmarried,  
The sweete embraces of a loving wife  
Loden with kisses, armd with thousand Cupids  
Shall never claspe our neckes, no issue know us,  
No figures of our selves shall we ev'r see,  
To glad our age, and like young Eagles teach'em  
Boldly to gaze against bright armes, and say  
Remember what your fathers were, and conquer.  
The faire-cyd Maides, shall weepe our Banishments,  
And in their Songs, curse ever-blinded fortune  
Till thee for shame see what a wrong she has done  
To youth and nature; This is all our world;  
We shall know nothing here but one another,  
Heare nothing but the Clocke, that tels our woes.  
The Vine shall grow, but we shall never see it:  
Sommer shall come, and with her all delights;  
But dead-cold winter must inhabite here still.

*Pal.* Tis too true *Arcite*. To our Theban houndes,  
That shooke the aged Forrest with their ecchoes,  
No more now must we halloo, no more shake  
Our pointed Iavelyns, whilst the angry Swine  
Flies like a parthian quiver from our rages,  
Strucke with our well-steeld Darts: All valiant uses,  
(The foode, and nourishment of noble mindes,)  
In us two here shall perish; we shall die  
(which is the curse of honour) lastly,  
Children of greife, and Ignorance.

*Arc.* Yet Cosen,

Even from the bottom of these miseries  
From all that fortune can inflict upon us,  
I see two comforts rysing, two meere blessings,  
If the gods please, to hold here abraye patience,

And

And the enjoyin  
Whilst *Palamon*  
If I thinke this o

*Pala.* Certaine

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Put in two noble  
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